

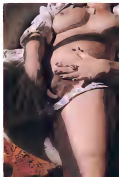


It started out like just another lazy Saturday morning. I was puttering around half-heartedly cleaning windows and making like a housekeeper when the phone rang. It was Jill—a girl we'd dubbed "The Eternal Virgin" back in the days when we went to Hollywood High. Hadsn't seen her in over a year. She was wildly excited, just HAD to tell someone about something that had happened to her. She told me just enough to shock and intrigue me...and to start a funny tingling feeling between my legs. She'd been raped! By a girl! I'd heard of a lot of wild things happening in Hollywood, but this was far out. I told her to come on over right away. House cleaning could wait.



The more I thought about what had happened to Jeff the more excited I became. And when I got excited...well...I DO something about it!







I came just seconds before she did. What a wild orgasm! And something told me I was going to go through it all again, hearing the lusty details of J&J's masochism...







The girl who showed up that morning wasn't the mouse-quiet little Jill we'd tagged 'The Eternal Virgin.' She was so turned on she glowed! She told me a wild tale about picking up a girl hitchhiker on Sunset Boulevard and what the girl had done to her while she was trying to pilot the car through the heavy traffic. But the end result hadn't been what you'd expect from a rape attack. Jill had **LOVED** it! She demonstrated exactly what the girl had done to her, to me. With Jill's hands roving over my already goosebumpy body I was more than just ready to hear the rest of the story - I was getting ahead of her!







Sometimes it takes a few moments for the real truth of a situation to dawn on you. All wasn't just telling me about her experience—she wanted to *re-live* it! For real! I've always thought of myself as being pretty straight—but I guess it's true: there's a little of each sex in all of us. Her hands were so warm on my breast—and her mouth was so soft—and so stimulating!



Jill's body responded to what I was doing in a very positive manner for a girl who'd been virgin until earlier that very morning. I know now why she had always avoided the guys in high school—it had taken that rape to trigger her natural sex urge into action. This girl was for girls! And me? Had I the same urge? I was acting like it...







It was wild! We got going so good we fell right off the sofa but never missed a beat of the action. This was Jill's second encounter like this, and my first... but I don't know who was leading who!





I'll cheerfully admit to having experienced many a climax in my life—but they'd always been under a man. And never once was it like this. This was... different, to say the least. But so satisfying!



It was Rik's turn. Which was only fair. I've washed my own face in a mirror, more than once, with men. But I've never seen so many wonderful and wild expressions accompany a climax before. *I'll was so alive!* And I wasn't exactly dead!





We cooled it a bit. The action. Not the emotion. At last we found time to talk about this...and to wonder. At least I wondered. About me. "Have you never been with a man, JB?" I asked. "It can all be pretty exciting, with the right guy."

"Like this?" she asked.

"Well...no...it's not like this."

"Then I haven't missed a thing," she replied happily.





I was beginning to learn how different sex could be, with a girl. There was no waiting, after a climax, for 'batteries' to recharge. Standing there in the tub I'd finish one orgasm and start to work on the next right away, with either her hand or mine providing the stimulation. This promised to be a long and exhausting weekend – but isn't that what weekends are for? Sex?















It was two tired chicks who finally dropped off to sleep, for just a little while. Talk about being relaxed! We agreed she should stay over for the weekend...A pigasso party was coming up—along with four aching nipples!





We messed around in the kitchen half the evening. Making coffee. And each other. I learned that stand-up sex can be fun with a girl, too.



It wasn't exactly a quiet evening. The hum of the vibrator was punctuated with moans and sighs. Hers, and then mine. Then hers again. Jill had a capacity for making love that I was beginning to envy. And I was learning why some girls prefer girls as love partners. Believe me, there IS a difference.





I don't think anyone's ever written a sex manual on "How To Make Love To A Girl", but I know two chicks who could contribute a lot of ideas... Jill and Jadea. We really didn't need any guide other than instinct and a few whispered words.







Sunday's sun was brightening the room before we finally collapsed into deep slumber. Little did that fritchhiker know what she had started









Sandy slipped by in kind of a pleasant way too. We didn't do much, and yet we did everything. There's a lot to be said for relaxed, unturned love. With a girl: "Jackie," I asked her, "what's happening to you?"



My body had never been so responsive to my own touch. Talk about being
tuned up...and tuned out.





Jill stayed all through Sunday night, too. It looked like a new chapter of my life was beginning to unfold, and I couldn't wait to see how the story would go. Maybe I'll write that sex manual about "How To Make Love To A Girl", but don't hold your breath while you wait. The research is likely to take a long time....



"I couldn't believe it was really me... doing what I was doing to Jill... but I knew I didn't want to stop. Not now. Not ever!"